

The Herald and News.

VOLUME LIII, NUMBER 61.

NEWBERRY, S. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1915.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR.

Negro Shot By Officers Discharging Their Duty

PREFERRED DEATH TO BEING ARRESTED

CHASSED BY COCAINE AND RECENTLY
DISCHARGED FROM ASYLUM

Officers Dorroh, Kinard and Chappell
Granted Bail by Judge Watts
In Nominal Sum.

Deputy Sheriff William M. Dorroh and Messrs. J. H. Chappell and J. A. Kinard, assisting him in making an arrest, had the unpleasant duty on yesterday of being forced to kill Abram Hardy, a negro man about 40 years old. Hardy seems to have been a negro of rather bad reputation and it is said has been several times lately crazed from the use of cocaine. For a while he was in the Hospital for the Insane, but the authorities there thought him sound and released him several months ago.

Magistrate Kinard several days ago issued a warrant for the arrest of Hardy, charging him with disorderly conduct and cursing on the public highway. Yesterday morning early the magistrate and his constable, Mr. H. B. Richardson, went to arrest Hardy. The negro defied the officers. Hoping to avoid having any trouble, the magistrate telephoned the sheriff's office for assistance. Sheriff Blease could not go in person, being busy on other important matters. He instructed Deputy Sheriff Dorroh to go to the assistance of the other officers and deputized Mr. J. H. Chappell, who has had much experience as a peace officer, to go with Mr. Dorroh. These two gentlemen were joined by Mr. Kinard and they went to Hardy's home to put him under arrest.

When the officers arrived at Hardy's house they found him coming from some woods. He was armed with two large hickory sticks, one an old axe handle. It is thought that Hardy was trying to get back to his house, where he had a shotgun. The officers intercepted him, and ordered him to put down his sticks. The negro immediately gave fight, striking at Mr. Dorroh, whom he just grazed, and giving Mr. Kinard a terrible blow. Deputy Dorroh shot the negro in the leg, hoping to stop him, but the shot had no effect, and the negro continued fighting. It took six shots from the weapons of the officers to stop him, and then he was dead.

The sheriff and coroner were immediately notified of the killing and both these officers went to the scene of the difficulty. The inquest over Hardy's body was held by the coroner and a jury. The jury found that the negro came to his death at the hands of Officers Dorroh, Chappell and Kinard, while these gentlemen were discharging their duty as officers of the law. The testimony taken at the inquest is published in full. The women who testified were the wife and daughter of the slain negro. It seems from what they swore to, as well as from the testimony of Mr. Sease and the officers, that Hardy had made up his mind to die rather than be arrested.

Sheriff Blease, under the law, arrested Messrs. Dorroh, Chappell and Kinard and carried them to jail. They will have to appear before the grand jury at the next term of court. Their attorneys, Messrs. Blease & Blease, applied for bond yesterday evening before Mr. Associate Justice Watts at Laurens, and bond was granted in nominal sums.

The Testimony.

Mr. B. I. Sease testified: Saw shooting from the house. Saw Abram Hardy running up on parties and saw the scuffling. I heard him say this morning that he was not going to be arrested. My father told him that they might kill him; he had better go or be arrested. He said he did not care.

B. I. Sease.

Carrie Hardy, being sworn, says: I saw shooting when started, but turned and came back to house. Abram said he would not be with us long when he went to house this morning. Three gentlemen came to the house this morning and asked where was Abram. I told them he had walked off a piece;

had not been gone long. I saw him turning towards these gentlemen. This is his stick and axe handle. Daisy Hardy was with me at the time, and Bessie Hardy, Essie Hardy and Ida Hardy on the back side of the house and did not see any of the difficulty.

Carrie Hardy.

Daisy Hardy, being sworn, says: I am Abram Hardy's daughter and step-daughter of Carry Hardy. Mother says, "Yonder comes somebody of Dr. as sure as you are born." They call father "Dr." I saw father running towards the three gentlemen that had come to arrest him. I turned away when they were about three feet away and I did not see any more. When he left this morning he had the walking stick with him. He said when he left this morning that he would not be with us long; that he was ready when his time came.

Daisy Hardy.

J. H. Chappell, being sworn, says: The sheriff deputized me to assist Deputy Sheriff Dorroh to make this arrest. When we got here we found the men coming out of patch of pines near by—stick in evidence. He had them two sticks in his hand. He got about one-half way across the cotton patch and he began to run toward us. Mr. Dorroh told him that he had a warrant for him and to put the sticks down. He still advanced on us. We drew our guns and Mr. Dorroh told him to stop. He said, "Put it to me, I am coming." He made a terrible strike at Mr. Dorroh and I put it to him and Mr. Dorroh did too. He then broke stick over Mr. Kinard's head. Mr. Dorroh and I put it to him again. When Mr. Kinard got up he fired. The negro fell. I considered all of us to be in danger. He is the only person I ever saw that a bullet won't stop.

J. H. Chappell.

Wm. M. Dorroh made oath, says: I am deputy sheriff of Newberry county. Sheriff received phone message this morning from Magistrate J. Alonzo Kinard to come down, he wanted us to help him arrest Abram Hardy. He sent me, Mr. Chappell and Mr. Workman. We came down to Abram Hardy's house and asked his wife where Abram was. She said he had gone down through the pines. I came out the back door and saw Abram coming out of the pines nearby. His wife said, please don't kill him. I told her that we were not going to hurt him, and about that time Abram began to move toward the house and said what in the hell are you all doing up there? Then Mr. Chappell, Mr. Kinard and myself started out to meet him. He said, "What in the hell do you want?" I said, "I have come down to arrest you, throw down your sticks." He said, "I am not going to be arrested," and made toward me with a stick. I shot him in the leg to stop him and then I shot him in the breast. Mr. Chappell also shot at the same time. He turned and hit Mr. Kinard in the head and knocked him down. We continued to keep shooting. Mr. Kinard also shot at him after he got up from the lick. The stick he had was a hickory stick and an old axe handle, each stick being about three feet long. One of these was broken over the head of Mr. Kinard. Hardy came toward us in a fighting manner.

Wm. Dorroh.

C. G. Blease, sheriff, being sworn, says: This morning about 10 o'clock received phone message Magistrate J. A. Kinard stating that he wanted me to send at least two men in this community at once. No one was in the office who is connected with the office except Mr. Wm. Dorroh and myself. On account of the fact that I had five or six long distance phone messages in trying to locate a man who had stabbed a woman in this county, I told Mr. Dorroh to get some one to go with him. I started out to hunt some one to drive my car for Mr. Dorroh and I met Mr. J. H. Chappell, whom I requested and deputized to go with Mr. Dorroh. I then went and got Mr. J. R. Workman to drive the car down here. I also deputized him as special deputy sheriff.

I am sheriff of Newberry county and Wm. H. Dorroh is the duly appointed deputy sheriff of Newberry county.

Cannon G. Blease.

J. Alonzo Kinard, being sworn, says: I am magistrate for Newberry county, No. 10 township. There was a warrant issued for Abram Hardy before me and I and H. B. Richardson, my constable, went to arrest him this morning and he resisted arrest. He cursed and said he would not be arrested and that he would die before he would be arrested. So me and my constable go on up to Mr. Jno. Wheeler's and phoned to the sheriff to send me some men down here, that we had tried to arrest the said negro and wanted help. So sheriff sent Mr. Dorroh to come on down to his house to arrest negro, but he was not in his home, we looked out across field and saw him coming out patch of pines; we started in the direction he was coming and met him. He had a hickory stick in his right hand and an axe handle in his left hand. We told him (I and Mr. Dorroh) to put down his sticks. He said he would not put down a damn thing. We told him he had better, and said, "He would die and go to hell before he would be arrested." At that time, he drew a stick and hit me and then Mr. Dorroh and Mr. Chappell began firing on him and when I got up I began shooting at him myself. (Stick offered in evidence.) I will swear that these are the sticks he had. He continued fighting until he fell.

I was struck in the head with the stick and knocked down and was partly unconscious. (Hat in evidence.) He broke the brim of my hat by the lick he hit me with the stick. I would judge Abram Hardy to be about 40 years old and weigh about 220 pounds and about six feet high.

J. Alonzo Kinard.

I hereby certify that I have examined the dead body of Abram Hardy and find he came to his death by being shot by pistol wounds, one in front of thigh, front of shoulder, front of breast, neck and head.

J. I. Bedenbaugh, M. D.

In Newberry, S. C., Aug. 30, 1915.

I hereby certify that I have examined Mr. J. A. Kinard and find that he has scalp wound just above left eye. It appears to have been made by a stick, which wound I treated.

J. I. Bedenbaugh, M. D.

In Newberry, S. C., Aug. 30, 1915.

Shot In Discharge of Duty.

That the said Abram Hardy came to his death in Newberry county, on Aug. 30, 1915, from gunshot wounds at the hands of Wm. Dorroh, J. H. Chappell and J. A. Kinard, while acting in the discharge of their duties as peace officers.

Lois Dominick,
B. B. Hair,
H. B. Richardson,
J. D. Lorick,
J. F. Wheeler,
B. I. Sease.

Delivered One Lecture 5,000 Times.

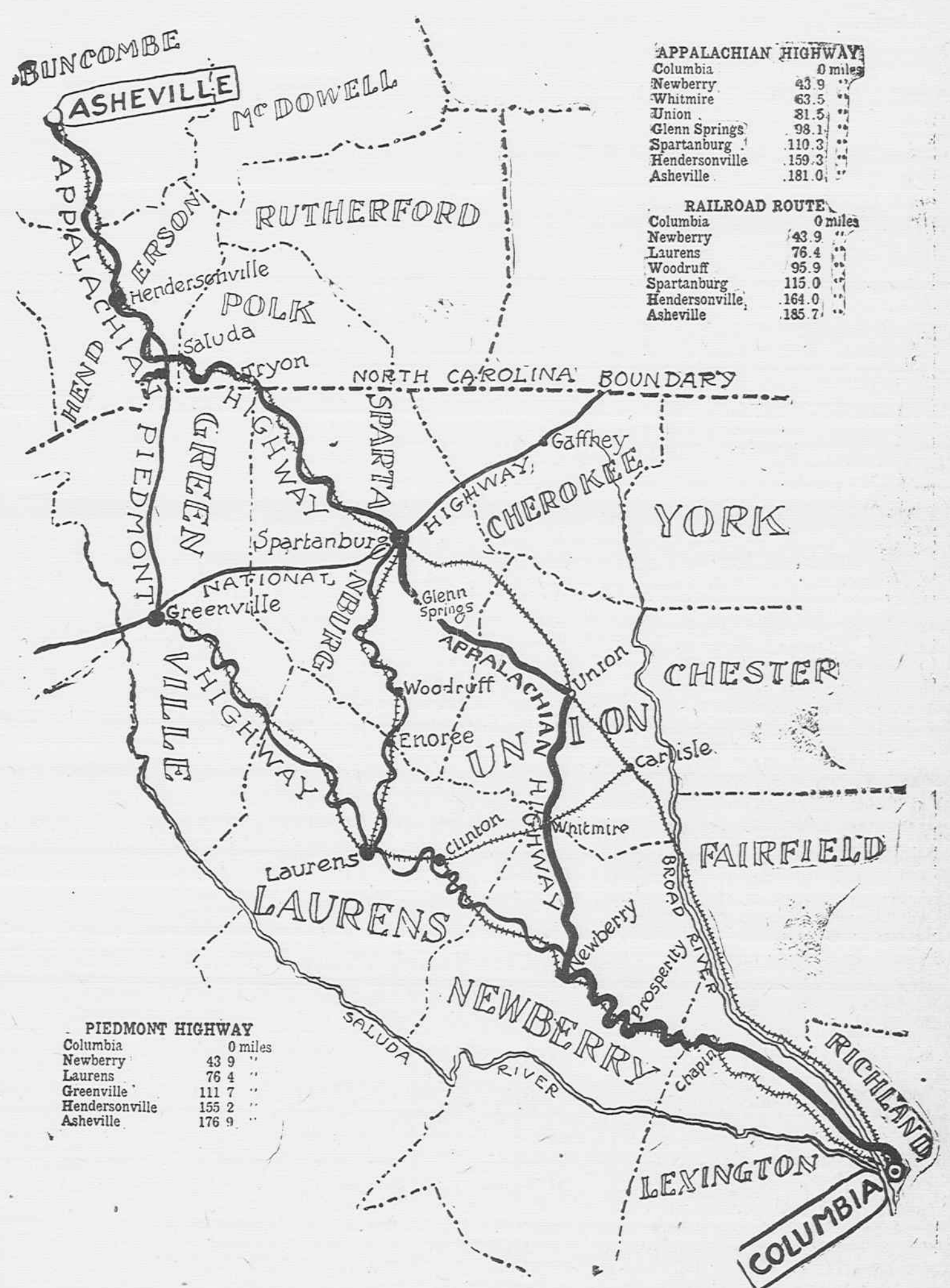
In the "Interesting People" department of the September American Magazine appears an article about Russell H. Conwell, the famous Philadelphia preacher and educator who has delivered one lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," over five thousand times. He has appeared all over the world. The proceeds from his lectures he devotes to sending poor boys through college. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Doctor Conwell has delivered this lecture over five thousand times. All the way from the Dardanelles to the Yantze, from Cairo to Saginaw, he has been flinging out its optimistic philosophy as prodigally as the harvest moon pours down her silver flood. One year he delivered it two hundred times; another, he filled half a hundred dates so near to Philadelphia that he returned home each night.

"The remuneration for his famous lecture has varied greatly. A Virginia committee once recompensed him with a smoked ham. (This occurred before the pork trust had put hams on a diamond basis.) At another time a preacher gave him a promissory note for \$450—Conwell still has it.

"He devotes all of his lecture proceeds to assisting poor students through college. Usually one delivery of the lecture will pay a student's expenses for a year.

"He has known many literary and historic men. John Brown, when about 50 years of age, used to visit his boyhood home, milk the cows and play in the hay with the future lecturer."



Everybody Enthusiastic For Appalachian Highway

THE BOOSTER TRIP WAS SUCCESSFUL

ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GREET
THE PARTY ALONG THE WAY.

Work Will Commence on September
15 in Newberry County to Build
Road.

By W. E. Pelham, Sr.

What is a booster? If to be a booster is signified by a deep and abiding interest in the general welfare of your community, a willing mind and heart to aid in the development of everything that promotes the public uplift, a hearty and encouraging cooperation with others who are more far-sighted and enthusiastic, then I am a booster. In fact, I do not question but that I have been a booster ever since I was born. And this leads me to say, Mr. Editor, that as a guest of Col. E. J. Watson, State commissioner of agriculture, I was one of that stirring body of our fellow townsmen who met Col. Watson and party last Friday morning, and under his pilotage made the booster trip to Spartanburg, via Gibsons, Whitmire, Union, Buffalo, West Springs and Glenn Springs, the famous watering place of the Piedmont.

Impelled by a sense of concern for the advantage of our and neighboring counties, we were bent upon the presentation of the Appalachian mountain highway, destined to make for the benefit of every section visited, for by this means not only will the low-county citizen be enabled to traverse a section of our commonwealth in his mountainward journey, rich in historic traditions, entrancing in beautiful woodland and shaded valleys, rippling streams and rivulets, farm scenes that tell of joyous plenty, as the husbandman goes forth to cultivate and gather

as the Lord of the Universe may regulate and yield, out of the abundance of His good will and pleasure.

We were a jolly and hopeful party, indeed, as we sauntered forth under Col. Watson's excellent leadership, made the more so, indeed, as we encountered nothing to deter us in our onward speed over the roads made good and prepared by the enterprising spirit that inspired such worthy and progressive farmers who compose the sections between Newberry and Whitmire, notably Dr. W. C. Brown, the Ruffs, the Browns, the Subers and others. It is greatly to their credit and keen business acumen that the highway along their plantations was made ready and in order, indicating a desire to welcome the new mountain highway cordially, and not only so, but they were at Gibsons in propria persona, and with voice to encourage.

The Whitmire interest was once more manifested as a large assemblage of public spirited men and approving ladies gave us a hearty welcome in the square, where remarks were made by several prominent men of the respective communities.

With no let-up in our enthusiasm, we followed our leader and feared no dangers. Soon across the roaring Tiger, and with no tiger, either awake or blind, to enchant us or to make us afraid, we left Whitmire to the rear, and cast our longing glances to the front in quest of more areas to cover, while "distance lent enchantment to the view and robbed the mountain in its azure hue." As of old, a courier was sent forth to proclaim our coming, and so with peals of joyous laughter, and Tipperary songs that reverberated from hill-top to hill-top, our lusty lungs and sonorous voices sounded the keynote of that popular song, awakening new interest in the minds of the expectant denizens of thriving Union.

A whole-souled and hearty welcome was given to us on the street facing

the chamber of commerce, addresses of welcome and responses by Mr. B. C. Matthews, president of National bank of Newberry, Mayor Z. F. Wright of Newberry, Dr. Harms, president of Newberry college, and others. Refreshments were served to as many as were fatigued and cared for them, and everybody made to feel at home and happy. It was in evidence that the Newberry contingent made a good impression upon the citizens of Union, betokening the right feeling that should animate sister counties.

But it were not well to linger here too long, lest we forget, and as there were other fields to conquer and to interest, on and on our automobiles and our Fords carried us, checking up at West Springs, where several inspiring speeches were made by Commissioner Watson, Dr. Harms, Mayor Wright, Sheriff Blease and several others. Eloquence was not wasted here upon the desert air, as listless multitudes were eagerly enjoying the sprightly humor, the witty suggestions, the avalanche of good sense and advanced thought. Let me say, en passant that Commissioner Watson's speech at this juncture was the best in my opinion that he had made, replete with wisdom and sound counsel as he depicted the immense need of good roads to the people of the country districts, because of the greater facilities for the transportation of the farm products, for the arousing of a livelier appreciation in schools and making easier the approaches to the country churches. Thus our young men and maidens of the country would feel less the impulse to go to the cities, which, alas, too often allure and do not satisfy. Col. Watson sounded like a prophet of old in his warning, as he branched out upon his subject in its larger aspect and constructive view point. It was an admirable address and will bear fruit.

Glenn Springs reached, our cavalcade of 20 cars, supported by a band of music from Union, the mayors of Newberry, Whitmire and Union, our delighted eyes feasted upon festoons of bunting, entwined about with brill-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.)